



MARRIAGE.

AN

ODE.



[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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M A R A G E



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[RECEIVED AND SHIPPED]

MARRIAGE.

AN

ODE.

Hoc fonte derivata Clades

In Patriam Populumque fluxit. HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*, 1765 ;

AND SOLD BY

J. WILKIE, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

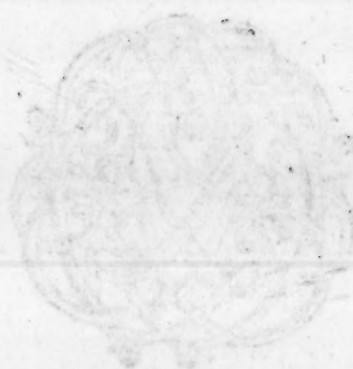
MARRIAGE

AND



How far the Church

is to be maintained by the State



LONDON

Printed for J. Dodderley, in Pall-Mall, 1782

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MARRIAGE.

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I.

RANG'D by all-ruling Heaven's Design
Low sinks this Ball, a mass supine ;

The stars high-blazing roll.

Nor lives a wretch of frantic Brain,

Who dares with impious Rage maintain,

That Chance directs the whole.

II.

Yet Nations wide-adopt this Plan :

Chance classes all degrees of *man*,

Unknown in Nature's State ;

And the mere accident of Birth

Marks who shall rule or till the Earth,

Th' Ignoble or the Great.

While

III.

While such the consecrated Springs,
 Whence proudly issue Lords and Kings,
 Why sleeps the Parent's Care?
 Anxious to match the gen'rous Steed,
 Where Strength and Beauty stamp the Breed,
 Regardless of his Heir.

IV.

But, to no favour'd Race confin'd,
 The virtues of our nobler Kind
 All Ranks alike may claim ;
 Issue as fair, and brave, and wise,
 As the high Lineage of the Skies,
 May bless an humble Dame.

V.

The charm that softens manly Grace,
 The Ray that beams in Woman's face,
 The Sympathy of mind,
 Denote (whate'er their various lot,
 Whether a Palace or a Cot)
 The mates by Heaven design'd.



VI.

But peevish Age, and gloomy Pride,
 And churlish Av'rice dare divide
 Those links, which powerful draw,
 To Union dear, congenial Loves :
 The Sire condemns what God approves,
 And Tyranny is Law.

VII.

Far other maxims form'd our State :
 All Orders mixt of Low and Great
 Compose th' harmonious frame.
 Firm hath the mighty Fabrick stood,
 And Britain boasts her mingl'd blood,
 In many a deathless name.

VIII.

Free shou'd the sons of Freedom wed
 The maid by equal fondness led,
 Nor, heaping wealth on wealth,
 Youth pine in Age's wither'd Arms,
 Deformity polluting Charms,
 And Sicknefs blasting Health.

B

But

IX.

But House for House, and Grounds for Grounds,
 And mutual Bliss in balanc'd Pounds
 Each Parent's Thought employ:
 These summ'd by Wingate's solid rules,
 Let fools, and all the Sons of fools
 Count less substantial Joy!

X.

And yet no niggard care confines
 The child indulg'd--- Lo! India's mines
 Flame in the Daughter's dress:
 As gorgeous shines the lavish Son;
 No luxury refus'd but one ----
 Domestic Happiness.

XI.

The Victim comes in rich attire,
 Dragg'd trembling by her ruthless Sire.
 Thy Child, O Monster save!
 Better the sacrificing Knife,
 Plung'd in her bosom, end that life
 Thy fatal Passion gave.

XII.

With Torch inverted Hymen stands.

The Furies wave their livid Brands,

Wild Horror, pale Dismay.

Soft Pity drops the melting Tear;

And lustful Satyrs grinning leer,

Sure of their destin'd Prey.

XIII.

Compell'd the falt'ring Priest flow-tyes

The knot of plighted perjuries,

For spotless truth ordain'd.

More fitly had some Dæmon fell,

Some Minister of Sin and Hell,

The Sacred Rites profan'd.

XIV.

Go, wedded Pair! all blithe and gay

Young Virgins strew the flow'ry way,

And crown your festal Gate.

Invok'd the Genial Powers attend:

So shall a hapless Line descend,

Heir to your wretched Fate.

Unheir'd,

XV.

Unheir'd, a mass of barren earth,
 No monster of amphibious birth
 Transmits a future race.
 Shall then an Angel's Form, conjoin'd
 With all that sinks the brutal Kind,
 Perpetuate Man's Disgrace?

XVI.

Yet Nature will assert her claim :
 Thine, rigid Father! thine the blame,
 If injur'd Beauty stray :
 Thou shoud'st have heard the Lover's voice,
 Approv'd and sanctify'd the choice,
 Nor curs'd the Bridal day.

XVII.

Welcom'd by Thee chaste Love had shed
 His blessings o'er that dismal Bed,
 Now wrapt in guilt and fear.
 The lisping Babe had blest'd thy Age,
 Now taught, with more than infant-Rage,
 To chide thy loit'ring Bier.

Hence

XVIII.

Hence all those baleful evils flow,
Which swell the Tide of human woe,
And blot th' Almighty's Plan ;
Taint ev'ry source of pure Delight,
Break ev'ry Band that shou'd unite
The Soul of man to man.

XIX.

Blank Bastardy with blazon'd Crest,
And Harlots in patrician Vest,
Triumphant Vice proclaim.
The High-born Virgin, mimic, tries
Those Arts with taught the low to rise,
From Poverty thro' shame.

XX.

Behold a various motley Race !
Th' unwelcome Son, with alien Face,
His Mother's crime betrays.
No kindred Love's instinctive fire,
No social Charities conspire
To light the Patriot's Blaze.

XXI.

Hence fage Authority despis'd,
 And savage Licence, ill disguis'd
 In Freedom's injur'd name ;
 Bold Orat'ry wit brazen Din,
 While skulking Selfishness within
 Directs Ambition's Aim.

XXII.

In Barter vile each Parent fold,
 The fordid Progeny of Gold
 Will own no other fway ;
 To wealth the Virgin yields her Charms ;
 For Pay the Soldier flies to Arms,
 P----s v--e and P----s pray.

XXIII.

Not fuch those Lights (which pierc'd the gloom
 Thick cast o'er Earth by barb'rous Rome)
 Pure as the Faith they own'd.
 Nor fuch th' unpension'd Noble's zeal :
 In Bosoms warm for publick weal,
 Their Country fat enthron'd.

XXIV.

The Statesman plann'd, the Hero fought,
Their service like their Love unbought ;

Yet both were well repaid :

Their Country's Glory, then, was wealth ;

Youth, Beauty, Innocence and Health

Endow'd the wedded Maid.

XXV.

No hireling Friends did Britain drain,

No base Contractor's * pilfering Train

Aveng'd the vanquish'd Foe ;

While the Land groans beneath her debt,

And hard-tax'd Peasants murmur'd sweat,

In Victory and woe.

XXVI.

Yet blest the Hind whose shelter'd Head,

Secure beneath his lowly shed,

Forgets the flow-worn day ;

His darling Child and faithful Wife,

Best Comforts of the happiest Life,

His sufferings all repay.

* This is not meant to include all Contractors : some have acquired great Fortunes by fair and honourable means, uncensur'd and even unenvy'd.

XXVII.

But see! th' unpeopl'd village falls :
Drear Devastation raz'd the walls.

Say, if some Tyrant reigns !
Or dar'd the bold Invader's Hand,
In vengeance, hurl the flaming Brand
O'er Britain's ravag'd Plains ?

XXVIII.

Our Coast no bold Invader dares ;
And GEORGE benign, with lib'ral Cares
Each cherish'd Art improves.

Yet Britain views a houseless Band ;
Sad Out-Cast in his native Land,
The wand'ring Exile roves.

XXIX.

Shall Luxury, diffusive-spread,
Envy the wretch his Pain-earn'd Bread,
His Cot and homely Joys ?

Are those the means that must replace
The strength of an exhausted Race,
Decrepit Sires and Boys !

Tho'

XXX.

Tho' borne on Glory's tow'ring wings,
Fame her triumphant Pæan sings

Far as the Billows foam :

Yet dearly were our Triumphs bought ;
And hardly paid the Victors fought,

Whom Misery waits at Home.

XXXI.

But, lo ! the Nations from afar

Crowd to repair the waste of War,

With Numbers, skill and Toil.

Myriads, alas ! wou'd crowd in vain,

Whilst Laws the Marriage-Rite restrain,

And Lordlings thin the Soil.

THE END.

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XXX.

Tho' borne on Glory's tow'ring wings,
Fame her triumphant Pavan sings,
Far as the Billows foam;

Yet dearly were our Triumphs bought;
And hardly paid the Debt we fought,
Whom Miserie at Home.



XXXI.

But, lo! the Nations from afar

Crowd to repair the waste of War,

With Numbers, Toil and Toil.

Myriads, alas! would crowd in vain,

Whilst Laws the Marriage-Rite refrain.

And Lordings taint the Soil.

THE END.

